## Let Children Walk Around Block Alone

BY DOROTHY DIX,

The World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.

Once upon a time I was invited to help celebrate the fourth birthday of an idolized only child. Said a doting aunt to the

"My darling, this is your birthday and I want you to be perfectly happy, so you may have anything or do anything you wish, no matter what it is. What do you want most?'

The little girl thought a long time then she replied: "I'd rather walk around the block without anybody holding my hand than anything else in the whole world."

ZV IE

**LOMNE** 

BY K.C.B.

SO THEY might know

WHAT NATURE gives.

THAN WHAT man builds.

IS BETTER far.

There spoke the poor little prisoner of love. Not a moment of her life but some watchful eye had been spying upon her. Not a movement had she made that had not been directed. Never once had she been permitted to stand alone, or go out alone, and, baby as she was, she resented it.

The mistake that these parents made is a very common one among fathers and mothers. They make prisoners of love of their children. They bind and fett with their affection until the children either sink into hopeless and supine life-termers, or else they break brutally away from their jailers and their jail and flee from them to the uttermost parts of the earth.

And in either case, they break their parents' bearts, and they wonder why it is that Johnny and Mary have never had any more ambitton and initiative and have never amounted to much, or Mary had a most desirable offer of mark.

Mary had a most desirable offer of make, bewildered they had a most desirable offer of marks.

And in either case, they break their parents' hearts, and they wonder why it is that Johnny and Mary have never had any more ambition and initiative and have never amounted to much, or how Johnny and Mary could have been critical enough to the control of the country and leave the count

now Johnny and Mary could have been been been could enough to go away and leave hem, even if they have made a success in South Africa and New York, and they never dream that their over-bove, which kept them from giving their hildren a particle of liberty, furnishes he answer to both questions.

That is why sons are not willing to to into business with their fathers. That is why sons are not willing to into husiness with them any authority, or have any respect for their udgment, or think that they have a light to anything but a little pocket money as their part of the profits of an indertaking. As long as Mary stays it home, mother tells her how to make a cake every time she attempts one, hough Mary may be the queen cake

ure of reading your column every day

to a poor fellow who some years ago suffered a terrible accident, which left

him blind and paralyzed, and sometimes

the only smile that appears on his tired face during the long day is brought

there by what you have to say about

always been my experience that any

one else has a very sour, mean streak

in his or her makeup.

And so, K. C. B., I hope that the enjoyment that all your friends get from your remarks each morning and your original way of making them is not going to be soiled by the opinion

of some disgruntled person.

And whether your humor be Scotch or Irish or Canadian, as I know it to be, may it long continue to give joy to all who have insight to read, not only the lines, but the spaces between; and whatever you write, doar sir, your kind heart shows through it, which is more than can be said of the communication of John Winn. So be of good cheer and continue, and when you reach where the Great Judge sits, as you say, it will not be hard to guess whether K.C. B. or J. Winn receives the honored place. Gratefully yours, M. M. P. S.—May I hope you will publish this.

IT'S JUST one. OF SCORES of letters. THAT HAVE come to me. SINCE JOHN Winn wrote. AND SAID to me. THAT WHAT I wrote

WAS "SICKENING" stuff.

AND WHERE he lives.

I'LL SEND them all.

SO HE may know.

I SPEAK the truth.

AND TO all those.

WHO'VE WRITTEN me.

AND COUNSELED me.
TO NEVER mind.
WHAT JOHN Winn wrote.
I HERE and now.

SEND FULLEST measure.

WHAT JOHN Winn writes. AND NEVER shall. UNTIL IT comes.

THAT THEY who write. WITH CHEERFUL word. AND BITS of praise.

SHALL CEASE to write.

WITH POSTMAN'S sack

AND HE who comes.

SHALL PASS me by.

AND LEAVE no line EXCEPT FROM John. AND ON that day, TLL PROMISE now. THAT I will quit. AND FIND a place. WHERE CHILDREN play,

AND KITTENS purr.
AND DOGS will bark.
AND BIRDS will sing.

AND THERE I'll rest. AND WISH John Winn. AND ALL his clas-

OF MY thanks. AND SAY to them. THAT I don't mind,

AND IF John Winn WILL SEND his name. HIS REAL name.

As a Woman Thinks

ealthy and husky looking. One could not herp but notice him, for he com pared so favorably with the other men You just knew that his raincoat had seen service in an army

No. I do not believe in the bonus he was saying to his companion, an elderly, gray-haired man. "I don't see how anybody, not even the men themselves, could conscientiously say they think they deserve a bonus. I believe that the think they deserve a bonus. I believe that the government should concentrate its efforts on the disabled soldiers and the dependents of those men who died in the service. The wounded, maimed, sick, and other unfortunates should be amply and promptly taken care of, but what do I want with more money from the government?"

With these words the young fellow limped off the car. The elderly man looked after him with sitning eyes and turned to me to say what he could not keep to himself because of his enthusiasm:

spectable salary and he's been back a year. He told me he'd take his borus year. He told me he'd take his borus if it was offered to him because he knew it would not go to any better place if he refused, but it made him sick to think of all the fellows like him who were going to get all that there money who didn't need it when he could give the names and addresses of plenty who were in desperate need of greater funds this very minute. Him not need it, indeed, why syeryhody would be for the bonus if they was as sure of all the boys being as worthy of it as that young feller. I guess the Rible is right after all, ain't it, miss? To him that hath shall be given and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."

With Nurse Jane, said Mr. Longears, Soon the airship was ready, and Nurse Jane came out to get in. Uncle Wiggily cat at the steering wheel. When the alrship reached the hollow stump school, taught by the lady mouse. Uncle Wiggily steered it low down, to-ward for greater funds this very minute. Him not need it, indeed, why syeryhody "Universe Jane and way in the seasonce with Nurse Jane, said Mr. Longears, Soon the airship was ready, and Nurse Jane came out to get in. Uncle Wiggily cat at the steering wheel. When the alrship reached the hollow stump school, taught by the lady mouse. Uncle Wiggily steered it low down, to-wiggily steered it low down, to-wiggil

### In Movieland MILDRED DOES IT AGAIN.

It just seems that Mildred Harris Chaplin can not help hobnobing with royalty. She met the king and queen of Beigium when they visited the coast studios and her picture taken with them and a corsage just like the queen's neverything. Now Mildred hus danced with the primee of Wales. Think of it, when that young man visited the west coast on his way to Australia he attended a ball held in his honor and he danced only six dances, and one of that

# UNCLE WIGGILY C

UNCLE WIGGILY AND ALICE'S PIES.

UNCLE WIGGILY AND ALICE'S PIES.

(Copyright, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

"Uncle Wiggily! Oh, Uncle Wiggily! Where are you going?" Quacked Alice Wibblewobble, the duck girl, one morning as the saw the rabbit gentleman giving his airship a drink of gasoline of twould not get hungry and want a cloud puff in the middle of the night. "Oh, I'm just going to take a little ride down to the seashore and back," answered linele Wiggily. "Nurse Jane is not feeling very well, and a trip to the shore will do her good."

"Oh, Uncle Wiggily, will you please bring me back some clam shells from the seashore?" asked Alice.
"Clam shells? What for?" inquired the binny.
"I want to bake some little ples," answered Alice. "In school we have learned to make the loyellest pies and—"
"Oh, you gist to take them any solid the binny.
"I want to bake some little ples," answered the basket off Alice's wing. Still more rudely he tore off the white paper napkin. Uncle Wiggily saw some lovely brown ples in the clam shells." promised the rabbit gentleman with a smile which made his pink nose seem to twinkle away around heman with a smile which made his pink nose seem to twinkle away around heman with a smile which made his pink nose seem to twinkle away around heto be a discount of the back of the bing to take them any shells? The back of the bing to take a little ride down to the seashore in the same to Grandpa Goosey and—"

"She is not going to take them any where" impolitely interrupted the Skee."

"I am going to take them any where were ples in that basket?" and then Ingala and the is going to take them any are ples that Alice baked, and she is going to take some to Grandpa Goosey and—"

"She is not going to take them any where" impolitely interrupted the Skee."

"I am going to take them any where wire ples in that a more ples in the the whore will be a small them any where impolitely interrupted the Skee."

"I am going to take them myself' II.

"Oh, Uncle Wiggily."

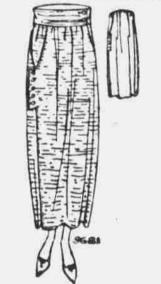
"Oh, Uncle Wiggily."

"Oh, Uncle Wiggi

Alice.

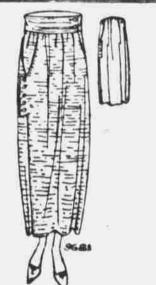
"My" You didn't lose much tims," spoke Uncle Wiggily. "Well, speaking of pies, why don't you take some to Grandpa Goosey" Lulu's pretend flowers of paper, with perfume on, made him feel quite jolly, and I'm sure your pies would do much more to help cure his epizootic."

By Annabel Worthington.



Rhubarb Betty—Grease a baking dish and then dust with fine bread crumbs. Now place in a mixing bowl two cups of unsweetened stewed rhubarb, one and one-half cups of fine bread crumbs, one and one-quarter cups of brown sugar, one-half teaspoon of nutneg. Two tablespoons of melted butter, one tablespoons of melted butter, one tablespoon of baking powder. Beat to mix thoroughly and then turn into the prepared dish and bake in a moderate oven for 30 minutes. Serve with butot. Fut about one tablespoon of sug a the custard to avoid a flat taste.

Fashion's Forecast



Our fashions and patterns are fur nished by the leading fashion artists of New York city. Send orders for patterns to Fashion Department, The News Scimitar, 22 East Eighteenth

Girl 17 Loves Man 42; Parents Object

n love with a man of 42. My parents do not want me to marry ecause they think he is too old. My greatest consolation is the saying. "I had rather be an old man's dearling than a young man's slave." I am in the ninth grade. What would you advise?

### Mrs. Solomon Says:

Consider the Empress of the Beauty order how she flourished. She dissembleth not, neither doth she latter; yet, the Quien of Sheba in all or glory was not more powerful than

You could wear the flesh colored dress if the marriage is before 6 o'clock in the evening, but for a wedding after this hour, white is the only correct style. Yes, you would have to have the coat if you did not have the sult. The ice course would be nice and why not precede it with a salad course? The number of attendants is left entirely to the bride. One maid of honor and a best man is proper, if that is all that is desired. You can have as many or few as you desire.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—I am a girl of 15 in the ninth grade. Is my writing bad? A boy of 17 or 18, lives about a quarter of a mile from my home and comes up and talks to me after church breaks up. I know I am too young to receive company, and my parents object also, but is it all right for me to talk to this boy after church? Dees a boy that asks you to let him kiss you care anything about you? I had a boy ask me and I have had nothing to do with him. Am I right? L. M. Q. Your writing is fair for your age, but the spelling could be improved. I can see nothing harmful or objectionshie in talking to the boy after church. You are too young to let such matters of love worry your head. You are doing exactly right in refusing to allow a And the secrets of a Masonic order to not more sacred than the secrets of charm-dispensary, where the women to gathered together in an inviolable act, for the confusion of men. Then give the hairdresser the fruit of cer labors, and let her works praise or. For her price is above rubles! Sciah.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—I am a girl of 12, tall and siender. Am I old enough to wear camisoles? How long should I wear my dresses? Am I old enough to go with the boys? Is there any harm in kissing a boy or In dancing? Are white shoes and pumps to be worn this summer, and how should I arrange my hair? Am I old enough to wear allk stockings? M. L. G.

hair? Am I old enough to wear slik stockings?

No. I should say you are not old enough for camisoles. Your dress should be not over 14 inches from the floor, and maybe only 12 inches, if you are far too young to go with boys. There is decided harm in kissing boys, but I can see no harm in dancing, after you have reached the proper age and provided your parents do not object. White shoes and pumps will be most oppular. Let your hair hang down the back, using a ribbon. Age has nothing to do with silk stockings, as this is a question of the pocketbook.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—Recently a girl

tion of the pocketbook.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—Recently a girl I had been going with got mad with me for something I never have been able to learn. I asked her why she was mad and she would not tell me. As I turned to go she made a sign to-ward me that no decent person likes. I asked her what she meant by it. She would only tell me she knew what it meant. Now the girls seems to be in a good humor, although last week was the first time she had spoken to me in four weeks. Should I have anything further to do with her? T. D. W.

I would advise dropping the girl. Her action indicates that she is not the right sort of a girl to have as a friend.

Dear Mrs. Thompson — What will make hair grow. I have tried everything and nothing does it any good. It is thin, short and is not injured the seal of t

# What's In a Name?

BY MILDRED MARSHALL

SIDONIE.

One of the most charming and inter-esting little names in the feminine category is Sidonie, heroine of novels beyond number, and yet quite com-monly in everyday usage. Sidoni is another of the names which are deriv-ed from places and means "of the city of Sidon."

another of the names which are derived from places and means "of the city of Sidon."

'uriously, Sidonia is the feminine of one of the most farmous masculine names of Roman history. Her predecessor was Caius Sollius Apollinarisyes, actually—Sidonius. He was said to be the most curious character of the dark ages, a literary and married bishop of Clermont, in the fifth century who though peasessing a reputation for extreme piety, was vastly different from the customary conceptation of ecclesiastical sanctity.

This good man has been canonized by the church and the twenty-third of August has been set aside as his feast day. His only namesakes have been women. France first evolved a Sidonia which is still extremely popular there. Then came Sidonia as a Spanish groduct. The daughter of George Podiebrand of Silesia, was Sidonia, also called Zedena. As early as 1483, Sidonia was in vigue in Germany. George Cable, whose military romenaics are still widely read even by the growing generation, did much to establish the popularity of Sidonia here when he so named the heroine of one of his most popular books.

The turquoise is Sidonie's tallsmanle stone. If set in gold, it will protect her from all danger. Monday is her lucky day and one her lucky number. (Copyright, 1820, by the Wheeler Syndicate, 1900).

Note to readers: Is there a fact concerning your name in which you are interested? Do you know its history; its meaning; its derivation and significance? Do you know your lucky day and your lucky jewel? If not, Mildred Marshall will tell you.

Send self-addressed and stamped envelope with your quaries, to Mildred Marshall. The News Scimitar.

### BRINGING UP FATHER —By George McManus







For the Table

an one and one-half cups of brown ugar, three-quarters cup of mill. Bring

beaten egg and one teaspoon vanilla Beat to mix; rinse custard cups with cold water and pour in the custard Set aside to mold.



### LITTLE MARY MIXUP-Drug Stores Should Sell Only Sodas and Postcards AFTER WAITING







#### JOE'S CAR-Joe Certainly Gets Himself Into Some Fine Messes Copyright, 1855, Press Publishing Co. IN T. Evening W.

BOY - I'LL SAY THAT OL' L

BUGGY'LL CARRY ALL YOU CAN



JOE - TH' GANG ARE SAYIN' THINGS ABOUT YOUR CAR -THEY SAY IT WOULD FALL APART IF Y'PUT MORE L'THAN FIVE PEOPLE IN IT!







WILL Y'PROVE IT

TO EM?

